

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appeallant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.

Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.

My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*:
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerefully drawing breath.

Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold rigor list mee vp
To reach at victory about my head,
Adde prooue vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blessings steale my Lances point,

That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furnish new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How euer heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Bartell, with mine Aduersarie.

Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to left,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receiue thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D.* of Norfolk.

1. *Har.* Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*,

A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the signall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmes & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list

What with our Councell we haue done.

For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plow'd vp with neighbors swords,

Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grating shoocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confinnes fright faire peace,

And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fise Summers haue enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that waxes you heere, shall shine on me:

And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk: for thee remains a heavier domb,
Which I with some vnwillingsse pronounce,
The slye slow houres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:

The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:

A deerer merit, not so deepe a maine,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre

Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I haue leaun'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgo,

And now my tongues vs is to me no more,
Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,

Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands

That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,

Doubly perculist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,

Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,

Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light

To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.
Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your banishd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven

(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:

You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,

Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolk, so fare, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)

One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,

Since thou hast fare to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,

And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,

And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,

Sauce backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*
Rich. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes

I see thy greued heart: thy sad aspect,
Hails from the number of his banish'd yeares

Pluck'd four away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs

End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me

He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.

For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,

My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:

My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;

Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:

Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Rich. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,

Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:

You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:

But you gaue leaue to my vnwillong tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go. *Exit.*

Flourish.
An. Cosine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hold thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bul. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which findes it an enforced Pilgrimage.
Gau. The fullen passage of thy weary steppes

Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastick summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer rancle more,
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come (my son) I'll bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soile adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:

Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scena Quarta.

Enter King, *Aumerle*, *Greene*, and *Bagot*.

Rich. We did obserue. Cosine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind

Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepe rheume, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

An. Farewell: and for my hart disdain'd y my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.

Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,

He should haue had a volume of Farwells,
but since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bulby*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*

Observ'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,

With humble, and familiar courtrefie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;

Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,

As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,